McKean County Miner.

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McKean County Miner

[illegible], Proprietor.

[illegible] Departure of Mails.

[illegible] Directory

F. & A. M.

[illegible]

[illegible]

A. O. U. W.

[illegible]

[illegible]

I. O. O. F.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Churches

[illegible]

Professional Directory

[illegible]

Official Directory

[illegible]

Physicians.

[illegible]

H. D. McCoy,

[illegible]

H. H. Warrington,

[illegible]

DR. EVAN O'NEIL KANE.
DR. THOMAS L. KANE.
Physicians and Surgeons,
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[illegible] recently been greatly improved and refurnished, making it one of the best hotels in the county. Good livery in connection. The tables are supplied with the delicacies of the season. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

[illegible] Feb. 5, 1886.

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[illegible] recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. A well stocked and choice bar connected with the house. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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MASONIC HALL FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity with

FURNITURE!

of all kinds and at

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on hand.

Friends and patron are invited to

CALL AND SEE US

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Main St., Smethport, Pa.

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HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

CUTLERY,

AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

[illegible] Customers say that J. C. Hamlin sells goods as low, if not lower than they can get them in any other store in the county.

SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main

The Best Meat and Vegetable MARKET!

—IN—

SMETHPORT

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.

—ALSO—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

A Full Line of

CANNED GOODS

Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, - - - Smethport, Pa

Farm for Sale.

FARM containing one hundred acres good [illegible] and grain land. Fine apple orchard, also [illegible] orchard that yield nearly one hundred dollars for last season's crop; never failing [illegible] through the [illegible] and spring brook running through the farm. This is considered one of the most productive farms in the county. With dwelling [illegible] house, [illegible] and corn-houses, barn and horse [illegible], [illegible] and cider mill. Will be sold on reasonable terms. For cash, balance to yearly installments [illegible] may run eight or ten years. The farm is situated three miles from the county seat.

A. KELLEY,
Smethport, McKean Co., Pa.

Feb. 19, 1886-tf.

JEALOUSY IN THE CHOIR.

Silvery-throated,
Lily-chemisted,
Starry-eyed and petite-shaped,
Charming Nan,
The soprano,
All the singers' hearts ensnared.

Long the tenor
Sought to win her,
Sought to win by his lovin' looks,
And the bass,
Bowed to the bass,
Day and night for like he sighed.

The forewoman
Of the choir
To the basso fell a prey,
And the basso,
As he was so
Manfred, of course, even frightened too.

Anna smiled on
Both, which pitied so
To their mutual hatred fuel.
So, to win her,
Bass and tenor
Swore they'd fight it out at duel.

Shrieked the tenor
Like a virago
Cyclone howling o'er the plain;
Sang so high
To outvie
The bass, he split his throat in twain.

Crowded the house
Till he was as
Low, to hear him was a treat;
Lower still he
Went until he
Split the voice of both his feet.

Charming Anna,
The soprano,
Mourned a week for both these fellows;
Then she wed the
Man who fed the
Wind into the organ bellows.

THE "WHITE HEAD."

A FITTING DEATH OF THE MONARCH OF THE PLAINS.

"Say Bill, whar ye going to ramp, hey?"

"Bout five miles further on, I guess."

"Why not here, pard? Plenty of water an' grass."

"Yes, 'zactly so; an' sumthin' else, too."

"What's that?"

"I'll tell ye. Don't say nothin'."

The scene near the Comanche and Loup creeks, Eastern Colorado, the time, A. D.—well, about thirty years ago, say. The personages, two tall, sunburnt hunters, guides, or both, who are piloting a somewhat long train of emigrants across the plains. These emigrants, although comparatively used to the Western wilds, were not yet to be trusted in any matters relating to the management of the train, nor in making a decision in which its direction was in the least degree concerned. The hunters, Bill and Tobe, were always appealed to, and their verdict was final, no matter what subject might be under discussion.

'Twas about six o'clock, on a lovely day in September, and the train, with its patient draught animals, had been toiling steadily along till its teamsters were just thinking of camping, the locality was so lovely, at the junction of the two creeks afore named, with low hills upon either side that stretched away in airy shapes till lost in the dim haze of the cloudless sky. The clear creeks, set with sedges, looked so inviting, the men and animals alike turned a wistful eye upon their cool flow. Green grew the grass there, and the beautiful stretching meadow seemed to roll its free sward away to the foot hills, where Gray's and Long's peaks clove the still blue air. Why not camp there? "That's a little grade right ahead, Toby. Just you go formad and tell the teamsters to 'put on brakes' in time, and I'll stay here and keep things middy like."

So Bill proposed; but just as the leading team had almost cleared the grade, it's near hind wheel dropped into an unseen muskrat burrow that undermined the way, and brought up with a jerk so sudden that the axle snapped off—as Tobe expressed it—"short as pie-crust," leaving the great wagon a helpless mass in the road, and, in addition, stopping the headway of the rest so quickly that an unexpected melee was the immediate result. This having subsided in some measure the fractured axle was subjected to an examination which resulted in a verdict that "some time must be given for repairs," and as no part of the train could proceed without the remainder a halt all along the line was ordered for the night, and orders given to "camp upon the spot," a proceeding which, while it gave unlimited satisfaction to most of the train, called fourth the loudest expressions of anxiety and distrust from the hunters.

"Just my luck: dog-gone it," said Bill, "ter get ketched in this blasted place! Wouldn't had it for a hundred dollars."

This remark was overheard by one of the leading emigrants, who hastily inquired

"What was the matter?"

"Hush!" said Bill. "I don't want these punkin-heads ter hear me; wait till after supper, then I'll tell ye."

So, the dusty journey for that day done, the camp made, and the tired beasts picketed near the sparkling Loup, cropped the wild Gramma sweet and crisp.

"Sit down, boss" said Bill to the emigrant, who was named York. "Sit down. Say, Tobe, tell every teamster to picket the horses extra strong, and put good ones on guard. We don't want no sleepy-heads to-night, no matter what fur. Ye only waste yer breath tellin' these civilized critters any thing, or tryin' to make 'em understand. So go ahead, and then come back here."

Away went Tobe; and, having fulfilled his order, returned. Then, pulling out their pipes, the three men gathered around to hear the story which had been so suddenly stopped as it was being related by Bill that afternoon.

"York, did ye ever see the 'White Head?'"

"No; I don't know what you mean."

"Did ye ever hear of him?"

"No, I never did. What is it?"

"He's the greatest critter that goes on four legs, and this is his 'stampin' ground' for the present. I may as well commence at the beginnin'."

"The White Head's a horse—an' such a horse, that ye must see him ter take him in. Thar never was his equal yet. He's faster than an antelope, stronger than a buffler, his light like a painter, an' is cunnin' es a coon. Thar never was a corral that could keep him, nor a lariat strong enough to hold him. Well, ye say s'pose he is all this, what then? Jest this: To-day, I met a hunter who hed seen him within a very short time. He said he was sure the Indians he went with had been follerin' on us for days, an' only wanted a good chance ter run off the stock. I kinder feel he ain't fur away, an' I think we'll see him to-night, as sure as shootin'.

"The first time I see the White Head was about two years ago. This 'ere is his range, or rather the range of the band of Cheyennes he belongs to, and we war camped right over on that cluster of hills. The horses and mules were all picketed by the creek, an' I hed gone to look up an antelope I see grazin' off the north'ard, when down from a gully came a horse trottin' along as quiet as a kitten, so ter speak, and makin' for the others. He war a beautiful sorrel all over, 'cept his head, that were pure white. His tail and mane streamed behind him as he moved, and his round body and taperin' legs looked made fur go. He war a reg'lar beauty, an' no mistake.

"Every little while he stopped ter nose the ground, and I noticed he hed somethin' trainin' behind him, but I couldn't make it out, I war so tuk up a watchin' the beast himself, the hull time a-pintin' fur the stock. Finally he got among 'em an' commenced makin' friends, pawin' and playin' about. Every body ran out ter see him, and one feller tried ter ketch him with a lasso, but thet wouldn't work nohow. Then, when he got the horses an' mules all prancin' about he gave a loud neigh, like a trumpet, and commenced ter bite and kick at the thing tied ter his tail, an' every kick sounded like a big bass drum, an' scared the stock so that in five minutes they all stampeded, with him a follerin', neighin' and kickin' the article behind him at every jump. He raced 'em away in a cloud of dust, an' we never got hide nor hair on 'em back; but I see the feathers of the Cheyennes risin' behind the ridge, close to 'em, and knew then that the hull affair was a reg'lar trick, and they had notify trained the white-headed horse ter help 'em es he did. What d'yer think now pardner?

"Another time we laid for him on purpose, an' laid a Mexican whar he could use his lasso. Then by an' by 'long come the horse, an' mixed with the stock. The Mexican let him come up till he had a dead sure thing, and then let go. The lasso flew straight es an arrow, an' settled on his withers. The minute he felt it he gave a jump, and then looked about to see whar it come from. Then, when he spied the Mexican, he went for him, ketched him by the small of the back in his teeth, raised him clear off the ground, shook him, an' then threw him down with two ribs broken. He seemed ter think a minute then, fer he jest laid back his ears, stretched his neck, and started es if he war shot out of a gun. The raw-hide snapped across his chest with a twang like a harp-string, the loose end went flying like old cotton rope in the wind, an' away he sailed in a cloud of dust, till the distance swallered him. But that Mexican swore he would rather meet the devil than the White Head."

These and other stories were poured into the willing ears of the emigrant, whose curiosity was so much aroused that he came to have an all-pervading dread of the strange horse. About three-quarters of an hour before sundown the hunters, seeing that all was quiet in camp, started, upon their horses, to reconnoiter the plains near them. Finally, having traveled in nearly all directions, they resolved to water their horses in the Kiowa creek, close at hand, and so turned the animals' heads thither. A heavy cottonwood timber grew close down to the water, and mingled its foliage with that of the wild plum and box elder. A little sand bar ran out into the stream, and upon its wet surface Bill noticed the fresh hoof-marks of a horse. They were remarkably small and round, seemingly possessed of a character of their own, that showed that their owner must have stepped like a deer. Both men were so busily engaged noting the strange trail they never thought of looking upward; so when one of their own horses threw up his head and sent forth a thrill neigh, each man looked instantly, and there, right before their eyes, was a sight that made them speechless with wonder. On the opposite bank, not sixty yards away, stood the maker of the foot-marks—the far-famed White Head!

The sunlight came playing through the trees and burned on the corral coat like molten gold. The graceful body, round and smooth, expanded where the vast haunches and sloping shoulders set into it in welded masses of binding muscle that stretched to the deer-like limbs, with their clean knees and hocks, each leg strung like a harp, with cords of steel to the ivory bone. His flowing mane and tail seemed alive with motion, as if impatient to be waving backward in the strong wind of his racing gallop. Though he stood like a bronze statute, with only the trumpet nostrils working to catch the air, the small head, white even to the eyes, turned over his shoulder to survey the intruders who had disturbed his watering-place. Thus he stood, grand in his beauty—a peerless horse.

A while they gazed, and then the hunter's hand stole slowly to his waist. The deadly revolver came forth, rose to the level, and, motionless, covered the throbbing heart. One touch and his life would be gone. Yet no report broke up the air. There stood the horse, keenly alive to his danger—nay, even challenging it; for the ears laid themselves slowly back, the eyes began to shine. Slowly as it had risen, the weapon dropped, while the owner's voice broke the silence.

"No use, Tobe; I can't kill him."

At the white man's voice the White Head moved away, without taking his eyes from the men. He never looked to his steps, yet they found their way unerringly among the stones and drift of the creek bottom, till the frontage of the cottonwood shut him from their view. A single wild neigh came back from him, and in answer something so like a "whoop" that the two hunters gave up all thought of pursuit, as they moved off from the influence of the strange spell that had been cast around them. Back in camp, the stock were more carefully watched than before; but the night wore away, an not an incident occurred to disturb the travelers, or even to suggest an attack.

Next morning rose the sun upon those sweeping meadows, and touched the fleecy clouds with his glory as they floated in the still air like hymns of incense from the waking earth. The stream whirled along its narrow banks, and lingered among the rushy shallows. Wild ducks checked their skimming flight and settled on its bosom, disturbing the grotesque bittern in its silent moods. Away off to the west a coyote fingered—nocturnal traveler, leaving the coming day far behind, to hide his body in the deep cleft of some lone canyon. The men were just drawing the pickets of the horses, to harness them and take the road, when all at once, a whooping scream rang from the gulch near by, and showed a throng of Indians, with the White Head before them, racing madly toward the train. That one moment, just before harnessing, had been closely watched, for the men, not having had a night attack, were off their guard at the fatal instant, and the Cheyennes, screaming like demons, were in their midst, with an arrow-flight preceding them. Stung by the missiles, and maddened by the shouts, horses and mules broke away, and with trailing ropes dashed over the prairie in a headlong gallop. A few men pursued them. These were they, who, having been saddled and ready before the first rush, had control of their animals, and now swept off after the stampede, in hopes of being able to check it.

The Indians were about three hundred yards ahead, straining every nerve to distance their pursuers, the stampeded stock in advance, racing, they knew not whither, and at their heels the White Head, more like devil than horse, kicking the well-known rattling hide behind him, which resounded like the war-drum of some savage tribe. Dashing from right to left, as the terrified animals swerved from the track he would whirl on his haunches, rush with terrific springs at some animal separated from the rest, and drive it back to the herd. The pursuing hunters had gained since the start, and could see each movement of the wild animal. He had the entire drove under control, and was driving them with unerring instinct, to a particular part of the broken plain, from whence he expected help from his red masters. Such was the plan, no doubt, and the relay of savages had been already at their post: but the approach of a scouting party of whites forced them to abandon it.

So it happened that the white men occupied the Indians' ground and were waiting there. The leading Indian raised a loud yell, and, abandoning the drove, turned and fled in the direction of his retreating brethren. Not so the horse. True to his trust, he tried to turn the drove upon the new trail. Racing like an arrow close to their flanks, striking and biting as he came, he wheeled, and then drove them forward like frightened sheep, with his screaming neigh ringing in their ears. Lashing out like a fury at the trailing rawhide, he reared and plunged among them, till the whole herd, with one accord, turned and fled in the new direction after the retreating Indians, while both parties of whites joined in the pursuit, though the White Head, even with this awful odds seemed more than a match for them all.

But one way remained to check their flight; that was to disable the fiend which drove them. But how? Clearly not with a lasso—all shrunk from using that. The rifle was left. The hunter Bill spurred ahead to cut off the drove where they had to turn along side a rock wall that rose from the plain. The wild horse seemed to feel the danger, for he redoubled his efforts, and flew from point to point like lightning. But the hunter gained the desired place, where the White Head would have to pass him, and, dismounting, waited with cocked rifle the moment to fire.

On came the herd, with the wild horse close behind them. He seemed to take in the danger at a glance; for, as if disdaining to be tamely shot at, or trying to escape, he turned to fight, lowering the white head, and extending his little body in a headlong gallop; with a wild scream he rushed straight at the hunter. The man had intended cressing only, but the fearful danger left no alternative but to kill him. His rifle must not fail him now, or he is lost. Slowly it rose, steadied a moment, and with a flash the bullet sang true to his aim. Straight on he rushed, and then, as the hunter felt the very ground tremble under him, reared upward, pawed the air, and shaking his beautiful head, sent his death-neigh ringing among the rocks of the canyon.

He did not writhe upon the ground in agony—no! he died in the air before he fell, free and courageous to the last! The stock were easily retaken then; but those hunters, as they looked at that grand creation, a moment before so full of life and grace, could not repress a sigh that life had passed away from White Head, the wild horse of the plains.—*Edward Kemeys, in Outing.*

OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.

Pharenological Journal.

It is sometimes amusing and sometimes annoying to note the logical inference shown by the feminine mind in their public statements of causes, effects and remedies. Women are often bright and often effective, but they occasionally do more harm than good by seasoning their cleverness with an unjust bitterness. One of the most able of the distinctively "woman journals" is noticeable above everything for the Xantippe-like conclusions of its editorials and general communications. Regretting, as one must who has the welfare of women at heart, this hurtful tendency, there is positive relief in reading a frank, honest, womanly statement of existing affairs. There is a touch of the vinegar in the following, but it has been changed a little to make the semi-sweet but grateful acid of a sweet pickle:

"Something is wrong; the country is rapidly going to Halifax, and somebody is to blame for it. In the East there it is the surplus women; on our own Pacific coast, where women are not over-abundant, we have the same cry of 'vice, poverty and crime,' only here it is Chinamen, and they have 'got to go.' One of their chief offenses is they are all men. Truly the American lords of creation are hard to suit. If the Chinese should go East and the women come West, I wonder who would have to go then? Not the men, of course, for they are needed to furnish the women employment, a duty which is religiously discharged, no matter how other things go, washing, ironing, sewing, mending, caring for children, etc., can testify. But, as our philanthropists tells us, there are not enough men to go around, and, do their best, there are still a number of women not thus provided with work who are stepping into forbidden paths, becoming lawyers, doctors and editors, which is a standing menace to our Republic on the east side as the Chinese are on the west. Vigorous measures must be resorted to at once or we are lost—that is, the men are."

Almost daily we read items like these: "A woman in Iowa owns and controls two banks." "In Austria there are over 300 women employed in railroad offices." "There are in this country 350,000 women engaged in agriculture, 652,000 in manufacture, 282,000 milliners, 52,000 tailors, 2,473 female surgeons, 75 lawyers and 165 clergymen." "Mrs. Hutchins, of Springfield, Mass., one of the most successful business women in the country, is a dealer in musical instruments." "There are from 50 to 100 female medical students in Paris, among them a woman of color." "O. Sutsaw, a young Japanese lady writer, has been taken on the editorial staff of one of the best newspapers in Tokio." "In Topeka, Kan., there are three women commissioned as notaries." "Mrs. Forbes has patented an invalid's bed, Mrs. Gartrell, a step-ladder, Mrs. Durham a neck-yoke and pole attachment, a device by which horses can be detached from a vehicle when danger threatens." Mrs. T. Nodler, of Keokuk, has one of the finest and largest grocery trades in the State." We have a female railroad official and a school-girl engineer. Lady photographers, stenographers, and telegraph operators are common. A year or two ago an unlettered Irish woman died in New Orleans, leaving a fortune and one of the largest bakery establishments in the country, all the work of her own hands, besides dispensing much in charities.

Women as dry goods clerks and cashiers give better satisfaction than most men, because they never embezzle, are quicker in making change, detect counterfeits quicker and seldom wish to run the whole store. It is quite evident that men are falling to provide employment for all the women; business is threatened, and they must go.

It is possible there are Abimelechs in the present day who entertain the same feeling toward women which he expressed when he called hastily to his armor-bearer and said: "Draw thy sword and slay me, that men say not of me, a woman slew him," when one of the weaker vessels puts an end to his victorious but sinful career by crushing his skull with a piece of millstone.

From a woman's standpoint the outlook never seemed more hopeful than now. The time was when men were willing to be leaned upon and women were willing to lean, but leaning is not a pleasant occupation to engage in for one's lifetime, and the saying of St. Paul that "she who marries does well, but she who marries not does better," has been verified by a bold and adventurous few of these surplus women, and others are following their example. They are learning that God gave them health, strength and power to think and to execute, just as He has the sterner sex. He also said: "It is not good for man to be alone," and as woman performs as great a part of the world's work as man, why should she not walk hand in hand with man, doing whatever her talents make her capable of doing, or, in other words, why should her sex limit her progress? If God had intended woman to be excluded from all money-making vocations, or any other for that matter, why did He not mention it in His plans?

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, costipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The unlschief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, billious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilited, dyspeptic and languid. a

NOTHING like "Sellers' Liver Pills" for headache, billiousness, dizziness, constipation, fever and ague, and all malaria. a

THE SWAMP SERPENT.

The "Feuilleton," which has so long been a feature of the newspapers of Paris, is rapidly being engrafted upon the strong stock of American journalism, and now the daily story is looked for by many readers as eagerly as are the stock reports by others. Because of this fact, I put the following matter in the form of a story, instead of the stereotyped style of a newspaper letter, and in genuine story fashion open with a few words of talk from the lips of one of the characters. In this case, she is "Mary," the well-known Choctaw peddler of roots and herbs, whose station is near the down town entrance of the famous French market, in New Orleans. Hear her:

"Eh, bien, gentymans! it is true. I am no banan this morning—not a one. He is stole, that banan. Two bunch banan stole, and the thief—the thief—he is snake."

Seeing the doubtful look upon our faces, Mary pointed a copper colored forefinger toward her stock in trade spread out upon the pavement around her.

"Eh, bien, gentymans!" she said in her unmodulated voice. "It is true. See, I am no banan this morning."

Sure enough, the noble bunch of bananas which had been her pride and principal source of revenue, as well as the envy of every other Choctaw vender in the market, for lo these many days, was conspicuous by its absence, and Mary's stock—like that of her compatriots—was made up solely of some pitiful bark canoes, beaded moccasins, bunches of dried herbs and roots and about two quarts of swamp blackberries.

"And the thief" asked my companion, Gustave—a member of the New Orleans police force—after taking three lazy puffs at his cigarette and ejecting the smoke in slender streams from his nostrils. "Is he here? Was he one of your neighbors."

"He is not here; no. He is not man—he. He is snake."

Like all other Indians, the Choctaw berry venders, who gather in a little group each morning at the end of the French market in New Orleans, are not voluble. "How much?" you will ask, pointing at a square piece of clean bark upon which a handful of berries is piled, and the Indian will hold up two fingers—indicating cents—or three or four as the case may be. Sometimes he will put the price into words; but his conversation is, in general, reserved for his own people in the privacy of his native swamps. The enterprise which had induced Mary to add a bunch of bananas to her home gathered roots and herbs had led to her acquiring a more extended vocabulary than that of any of her relatives, and the excitement consequent upon her great loss made her use it more freely, this morning, than ever before in the presence of white men.

"You are not believe that thief is snake!"

She pushed her coarse black hair behind her ears and scowled at us from beneath her wiry eyebrows. Then she belted the loose calico wrapper which she wore with her outstretched fingers, and jerked her head toward the smooth circumference of her waist thus displayed.

"That snake is big through like I am. His head is little, like my two fists, and he is long—eh, bien! he is long like a ship.

"You know that Tchoupitoulas road? Yes. I am live there. Two miles from there, where the river bends in and comes near my wigwam. I am hang my banan in that live oak tree, where the wind can keep him fresh, and when I am come up from the river, before yester night, with water for boil in the pot, that snake is come down out of the live oak. He is black, and he is crawl, and crawl, and c-r-a-w-l!"

She imitated the serpent's slow, gliding motion with her skinny hand and arm.

"And then, when I am stiff with fraid, he jumps——"

Her hand "jumped" and clutched a bunch of wild ginger.

"And snap goes my banan-stem, and he is gone. Eh, bien, gentymans! He is gone off in the swamp with my banan. That is one I buy me some more banan. That snake is gone in the swamp. I hang my banan in the live oak, and that other night—the last night he is here again, and this morning I am no banan."

She waved her hand with a tragic gesture above the meagerly spread pavement, as though saying, "Here is proof of my words—there is no banana here."

"I believe her," remarked Gustave, oracularly. He threw his head back upon his shoulders and sent thirteen perfect rings of smoke, one after another, from between his lips. "We will go out there this evening and scotch that snake, what do you say?"

"But a snake can have no possible use for bananas. Serpents are not frugivorous."

"I don't care what they are. Mary has no reason for lying to us, and I believe her story. The Crescent and the Orient Circus and Menagerie is lying down there in the bend on a steamer lifting up for a run across the gulf to Central America. The chances are that the serpent has escaped from it, and if that is the case, and we kill it, it will make an item for you; eh, my boy?"

Thus it was that at 5 o'clock that afternoon Gustave and myself, with a bunch of fresh bananas, were perched among the branches of the live-oak tree which sheltered the rough bark hut in which Mary lived. The bananas were hanging from the lowest limb of the tree, about six feet above the swamp grass, and I was lying immediately over them in a nest of Spanish moss which effectually cushioned the branch on which I rested, and at the same time shielded me from observation from below. Gustave occupied a similar position on the opposite side of the massive trunk, and with a repeating rifle beside us and keen-edged knives with curving blades—such knives as the field hands use for cutting sugar cane—we awaited the approach of twilight and the serpent.

The upper part of the tree had been thoroughly explored in the bright sunlight of the afternoon, and we were confident that nothing larger than a tree toad lurked in its greenness.

The hut was built on a hummock of solid ground rising out of the cypress swamp, above the surface of which all around us were thrust the sharp pointed leaves of the palmetto and various scarlet flowers, as well as the ragged trunks of the cypress. Imagination peopled the slimy ooze with all manner of foul things, shaped after the general image of the water moccasins, which moved about in plain sight until twilight hid them.

I was wiping the mist from my eye glasses with a soft linen handkerchief when something touched me on the shoulder and made me start so violently that the glasses slipped from my hands and fell into a clump of wild roses growing about the roots of the tree.

"Never mind them," hissed Gustave in an intense whisper, "look toward the river."

But without the glasses I was almost blind and could not see more than ten feet before me. I heard the crashing of twigs, however, as though some large body was moving toward us, along the road over which we had come, and then Gustave swung himself into my nest.

"It is coming," he whispered, "and from the commotion among the cottonwoods it must be as big around as a horse. You fire at the head. I will aim at the spine, and if the rifles do not stop it give it the knife at close quarters."

We heard the crackling continue, and presently—half blind as I was—I saw the tops of the young cottonwoods growing in a thicket about the base of the hummock tremble violently, as though a party of horsemen were passing through it. Instead of coming directly toward us, the agitation passed through the thicket to the opposite side of the live oak, where we had no outlook.

While I was shifting my position and peering through the semi-darkness in the direction which the agitation had taken, a slimy, black shape slid about the trunk of the tree, passed across the limited field of my vision and grasped the bananas. At the widest point visible it was as large around as a man's body, and in the indistinct view which I caught it seemed to taper rapidly to a head no larger than an orange.

I whipped the rifle to my shoulder and pulled the trigger, just as Gustave knocked up the barrel of my gun with his own. There was a pause of a second's duration, and then the shape came sliding up to our nest, and before Gustave could use his knife it had grasped him about the middle and lifted him from the perch. I heard it for some seconds after crushing the dry twigs that floored the roadway, as it moved with its prey toward the river.

I was afraid to risk a shot in the direction of the noise for fear of wounding Gustave, and at once swung myself to the ground, whence I took up my glasses and set off at a sharp run down the road.

It was almost dark now, but after passing out of the timbered about the hut I heard the voices of men, and my name was shouted with all the strength of Gustave's strong lungs.

"I told you Mary was right," said Gustave, coolly, when I stopped beside him in the road, a few seconds later. My fright and the sharp run made me pant like a tired dog; but he was cool and serene. The end of his freshly-lighted cigarette beamed red in the darkness.

"She told us the truth as she understood it. She thought it was a serpent that carried off her bananas, and so do you."

"You remember when I knocked up your rifle barrel just as you were about to shoot? Well, I saw then that the thing was no snake. But the trunk of an elephant. I knew it could be nothing but a tame elephant belonging to the circus, and it would not do for us to kill it. But I must confess I did not expect him to seize me. He soared me so for a minute that I could not even cry out; but he did not hurt me in the least, and down here in the road we met the circus men coming in pursuit of him, and he put me down."

"And the bananas?"

"O, the circus company will make it all right with Mary, or I will pay the whole lot."

I am inclined to believe that the circus company made it all right with Gustave, also, in consideration of his services in saving their elephant from my rifle bullet, as he was playing an unusually high hand when I met him off duty the next night in a Royal street gambling hall.—Henry Newport in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Saved His Life.

Mr. D. L. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, K.y., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisic, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by A. B. Armstrong.

Miraculous Escape.

W. W. Reed, druggist, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Louisa Pike, Bartons, Randolph Co., Ind., was a long sufferer with Consumption and was given up to die by her physicians. She heard of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and began buying it of me. In six months' time she walked to this city, a distance of six miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it."

Free trial bottles at A. B. Armstrong's drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by A. B. Armstrong.

A MOST potent remedy for malaria is Vinegar Bitters, New Style. It cleanses the system and purifies the blood, freeing it from all malarial poison. Vinegar Bitters, New Style, has a pleasant taste, is a slightly antacid preparation, is a mildly-acting, but effectual cathartic, and its tonic properties are unsurpassed.

CAN you tell who is in the greatest danger of catching any infections or epidemic disease? "Why," you say, "the person whose blood is in an impure or impoverished condition." Exactly. Such people take special complaints as dry grass bursts into flames before the spark of a locomotive. Pure blood is a defence; it means safety, and Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the mildest, safest and surest purifier of the blood. Our chief dangers are within ourselves.

IN one week Ely's Cream Balm opened a passage in one nostril through which I had not breathed in three years, subdued an inflammation in my head and throat, the result of Catarrh.—Colonel O. M. NEILLIAY, Owego, N. Y. (See adv.)

WHO does not delight to see a good looking face? Yet erysipelas disfigures the features almost beyond recognition. But that is not the worst of it. This disease is as dangerous as it is repulsive. It is sometimes called "St. Anthony's Fire," and often causes sudden death. Mr. S. B. Carpenter, of Grandville, N. Y., had it in both legs and was cured by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This medicine excels all others for the blood. Especially adapted to persons in feeble health. a

IF you have scrofula, boils, sore eyes, or mercurial diseases, don't delay; take "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher" at once. a

Home Testimonials.

Mrs. Henry Gallup was teaching school in Norwich township last winter, and had been suffering from nervous sick headache a long time, and Miss Lydia Perry, of the same place, told her that there was no use in suffering so much when she could get a sure, simple remedy that she had tried and that had cured her, viz: Dennis' Blood, Liver and Kidney Cure, and one box of Indian Root Pills. She took the advice and now says that she is cured. Go thou and do likewise.

For sale by E. B. McCoy, Smethport, C. R. Burdick, Hamlin, C. A. Anderson and Smith & Hall, Colegrove, Pa.

Land for Sale.

I have two thousand acres of valuable timber lands for sale, situate in Hamlin township, McKean county, Pa., known as the Wiggan Warrants, Nos. 5375 and 2470. With or without minerals, gas, etc. D. A. Easterbrook, Esq., of Smethport, will show the lands to parties wishing to purchase. For further particulars address JOSEPH HOUSLER,
Emporium, or Lock Haven, Pa.
Vol. 22-19-tf

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and carriage hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city. vol 22 no 11 ly

For Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale two billiard tables—one carom and

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Terms of Subscription.

Pay able in advance, one year $1 50 six months, 75 cents, three months, 37½ cents.

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Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Business cards by the year, or for six or three months are low and not open, and will be flanked in the discretion of the Publishers and inserted at their option.

Professional cards, not exceeding one inch $5 00 per year.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications should be addressed to E. RUDDOCK, Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., August 20, 1886.

STATE REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JAMES A. BEAVER
Of Centre County

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
WILLIAM T DAVIES
Of Bradford County

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL
A WILSON NORRIS
Of Philadelphia

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS
THOMAS J STEWART,
Of Montgomery County

FOR CONGRESSMAN AT LARGE
EDWIN S OSBORNE,
Of Luzerne County

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION

The following publication of McKean county will meet in the several places for the purpose of holding elections on

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 4 1886.

between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock p m for the purpose of electing three delegates to represent the several districts in the County Convention to be held at the Court House in the borough of Smethport, on

TUESDAY, SEPT 7 1886.

at 10 o'clock, p. m., when it is said the primary election of delegates will be held at the polls in the several districts throughout the county.

The basis of representation will be one delegate for every fifty votes cast for Hon. James A. Beaver at the last general election, and one delegate for a majority fraction of twenty-five votes.

The following is the apportionment of delegates to the several districts:

Bradford City—1st ward	3
" 2d "	3
" 3d "	3
" 4th "	3
Bradford twp.	3
Corydon twp.	3
Hamlin twp.	3
Lafayette twp.	3
Lafayette twp.	3
Norwich twp.	3
Otto twp.	3
Sergeant twp.	3
Smethport—1st district	3
" 2d "	3
Wetmore twp.	3
Total	42

The Republican County Committee.

Chairman—T. J. Rogers.
Secretary—P. M. Whitcomb.

Bradford City—1st ward, M. H. Whitcomb.
" 2d " F. W. Blaisdell.
" 3d " W. S. Stanbrough.
" 4th " W. H. Brady.
Bradford twp.—1st dist., Sheehy & Fowler.
" 2d " W. H. Brady.
Corydon twp.—W. H. Bailey.
Hamlin twp.—P. M. Raymond.
Lafayette twp.—Phillip Rome.
Norwich twp.—1st dist., W. J. Jefferson.
" 2d " —
Otto twp.—J. S. Armstrong.
Sergeant twp.—C. M. Sisson.
Smethport—1st dist., J. S. Evans.
" 2d " E. H. Wilson.
Wetmore twp.—Ira Wardle.
Hamlin twp.—W. F. Lovell, Somerset.
Lafayette twp.—1st dist., J. H. Prentice.
" 2d " W. H. Brady.
Norwich twp.—1st dist., J. C. Brennan.
" 2d " J. S. Morris.
Eldred twp.—Mark Sisson.
Lafayette twp.—A. H. Hamlen.
Norwich twp.—Jonathan Cudney.
Otto twp.—1st dist., D. W. Sprague.
" 2d " M. Slade.
Lafayette twp.—A. A. Carpenter.
Sergeant twp.—Jno. G. Southcomb.
Smethport—John N. Apple.
Wetmore twp.—George Gerdine.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Esq., as a candidate for Congress subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

LEGISLATURE.

MR. EDITOR.—I wish to say that the general sense of Mr. Beaver county that I have consented to submit my name to the Republican County Convention as a candidate for Representative to the Legislature. The longer editorial and letters from Hon. Wm. Mc. Kinley, Jr., and others, have convinced me that I ought not to refuse. The contest is a close one, and the opposition point blank, and the issue is the Governorship. I am a Republican to the core, and this is a Republican county by a large majority. I hope for the support of all Republicans. Any assistance rendered me will be thankfully received. Yours, respectfully,
W. B. CHAPMAN.

Bradford, Pa., July 3, 1886.

We are authorized to announce D. S. JOHNSON, Esq., of the Bradford City ward, as a candidate for the State Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. HANNA, Esq., as a candidate for the Legislature subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

COUNTY TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. SHOEMAKER, Esq., of Smethport, as a candidate for the County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention of September 7th, 1886.

We are authorized to announce the name of J. B. HAGEMAN, of Hamlin Township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention of September 7th, 1886.

THE names of the Republican County Committee will be found on this column. It will be seen that owing to the change of residence of W. H. Clark, J. L. Andrews has been substituted as the member of the committee for the first precinct of the 1st ward of Bradford. John O. Sonberg has been substituted for Robert Dick of Sergeant township, the latter having removed to Elk county. The 2nd ward of Bradford is unrepresented owing to the removal of Col. Eaton to Philadelphia. A substitute will be named next week. N. M. Moore has removed from the 2nd district of Otto township and M. E. Nash has been substituted.

A GREAT BLUNDER

The greatest orator and the wisest and most sagacious of all the Democratic statesmen of Pennsylvania, was struck down in the house of his friends on Wednesday last. William A. Wallace was distinctly justified, because of the great services he had rendered his party for more than a third of a century, in asking for the nomination of Governor by the convention of Democrats which convened in Harrisburg on Wednesday of this week. Even men if composed largely of place hunters who were led by the monumental demagogue of the age, yet there ought to have been Democratic manhood enough to have nominated the Clearfield statesman against all odds. There is no disguising the fact that in this section of the State he is the idol of the Democracy, and his overthrow on Wednesday will have a most disparting effect on the party not only in the counties of the north west but all over the State.

There was but one ballot for Governor. Lieut Gov. Chauncey F Black a most estimable and accomplished gentleman receiving 151 votes. Senator Wallace 129 with 12 scattering. Col R Bruce Ricketts of Luzerne was nominated for Lieut Governor Wm J Brennan of Allegheny for Auditor General. Hon J Simpson Africa of Huntingdon for Secy of Internal Affairs and Maxwell Stevenson of Phila for Congressman at large. Hon M F Elliott of Tioga was made permanent chairman and upon taking his seat he woke up the unwashed with a rousing speech.

The platform utterly ignores the civil service and temperance questions but throws a sop to the Labor element.

Wednesday Aug 18th, 1886, will be noted for years to come as the most unfortunate day in the history of the democratic party of Pennsylvania.

POOL HEARD

At the late grand encampment of the G A R the San Francisco *Call* published a short sketch of the life of each officer and delegate of the encampment. This is what was said of Col. Brady of this county. "Edward H Brady, delegate, is a New Yorker having been born at Rochester, May 5 1841. He was a school teacher at the time of enrollment in Company G, Twenty seventh New York infantry, May 7, 1861. There he was promoted to Second Lieutenant. Afterward he entered the cavalry service as First Lieutenant and was promoted to Brevet Lieutenant Colonel. At the first Bull Run he was wounded in the left hand, and in June 1863, was wounded in the left ankle during a charge at Piedmont, Va., where his horse was killed under him. Being finally mustered out at Rochester N Y July 20, 1865, he became engaged in producing and speculating in petroleum. He is now in the life insurance business at Bradford Pa."

THAT able Democratic paper the Philadelphia *Record* is not very en rapport with the attitude of its party on important political questions in different sections of the country. It says in Indiana the Democratic State Convention, presided over by Hon Daniel W Voorhees denounced civil service reform in silence while heartily indorsing the administration of President Cleveland. But to make up for this neglect of civil service reform the Convention passed resolutions on nearly every other question including Prohibition, which is denounced as violative of Democratic principles. In Tennessee, on the other hand, the Democrats in their Convention of the same date, resolved in favor of submitting a prohibitory amendment to a vote of the people. Parties are a good deal mixed this year not only on national issues but in regard to questions of State policy. The necessity for a reconstruction of parties upon the ruins of the two decaying political organizations is becoming more and more apparent. Party names have ceased to have any meaning.

THE evidence accumulates that Gen Sickles did not obey the orders of his commanding officers at Gettysburg, and the result of his insubordination was the sacrifice of thousands of the best men in Meade's army. But no one dares that the man under him did not do their whole duty. They obeyed their orders, their commander did not, he and they are not in the slightest degree responsible for his dereliction of duty. no more than Porter's men were responsible for his treachery at the second battle of Bull Run.

IF we are not in error there was considerable talk some months ago about endorsing the Orphans School syndicate. It looks very much at this distance as though the whole scheme had "gone where the woodbine twineth," as though there had been a total failure in finding any grounds for an indictment.

IT was reported in Erie a few days ago that the Republican State Committee would take the control of the Congressional campaign of that district out of the local committee's hands. It is not possible for the State Committee to entertain such a proposition.

ONE of the ablest men in the last House of Representatives of this State, was Hon John B Robinson, of Media, Delaware county. It is to the credit of the Republicans of Delaware Co that he is to be returned to the next House.

IT is amusing to see the two leading Democratic papers of the State, the Philadelphia *Record* and Philadelphia *Times*, classed as "independent by the "small fry" Democratic papers outside of Philadelphia.

IF our esteemed townsman, William Meahill, Esq., had desired the nomination of County Treasurer, it is not supposed that he would have made his wishes known through the columns of the Port Allegany *Reporter*.

OUR advice to the Mexicans would be to give the loafer, Cutting, a good cowhiding, and then deliver him to the loud mouthed Texans, on their side of the Rio Grande.

IT looks very much like Fred Brownell, our popular young merchant, or Robert Cochran, Esq., of Bradford, as the Democratic candidate for County Treasurer.

THE EXODUS IN POLITICS

An esteemed friend in Harrisburg recently mailed us a copy of a series of resolutions, which were adopted at a large meeting of the members of the Knights of Labor organization in that city a short time since, in which their political principles are clearly set forth. With the exception of these clauses referring to financial questions they will be heartily endorsed by all classes of voters. Briefly they favor the enforcement of the following principles:

1st. The enforcement of Article VIII of the State Constitution prohibiting discrimination in the transportation of freight, etc.

2d. The passage of a law preventing the employment of girls under 15 or boys under 14 in factories, mills or mines.

3d. The passage of a law compelling the payment of wages to employees in mines, mills or factories in legal tender money and as often as once in two weeks.

4th. The passage of a law annulling all laws that do not bear equally on capital and labor, etc.

5th. The passage of a law which will prohibit the sale of prison made goods for less money than the same quality of goods made outside of prisons can be sold.

6th. The application by the U S. Secretary of the Treasury of all surplus money in the Treasury in excess of $100,000,000 to the liquidation of the public debt.

7th. Opposition to National banks and in favor of government currency only.

8th. Opposition to the importation of contract labor from the old country.

9th. The passage of a law by Congress which shall forfeit all the public lands held by corporations or individuals which are not paid for.

A SARATOGA letter where Levi P Morton is living says that this gentleman's name is a good deal associated with the Republican ticket for 1888, both for the first and second place. The writer says that in 1884 he was to have been the nominee with General Grant if the third term movement had succeeded that being the understanding among Conkling, Cameron and Logan who were managing General Grant's candidacy. When Garfield was nominated there was pressure on Mr Morton from all over the convention to know if he would accept the second place with the Ohio man. Mr Morton went to consult with his friends and first of all to Mr Conkling. The Senator's antagonism and dislike of the so-called Ohio crowd were strong. He said to Mr Morton "If you think that you can be happy with that crowd and that the ticket will be elected take the nomination by all means." Mr Morton hesitated and after such ambiguous advice and went to consult his friend George S Boutwell, of Massachusetts. It was Mr Boutwell's talk that settled the matter. Said he "It will cost you $100,000. They will expect you to contribute at least that much, as they know you are able to do it. If the ticket is defeated is it may be you are a dead man in politics forever. I would rather take your chances in Congress than take the chances in this nomination. I think they are preferable." With that Mr Morton's decision was made up. Meanwhile General Arthur, who knew that Morton was wavering, had quietly worked up a movement for himself, the particulars of which are already well known.

THE New York *Star* Dorsheimer's paper and Cleveland's organ considers it a "necessary duty" to thus politely tell us its Democratic readers briefly what the facts are in reference to Pulitzer's career. The latter is proprietor of the *World* the rival democratic paper of that city. The *Star* says in speaking of Pulitzer "It has told the simple truth about this man who now calls himself Joseph Pulitzer. It has traced his career from the time he arrived here a pauper immigrant from Hungary, to enlist as a soldier in a cause for which he cared nothing merely for the sake of a bounty. We have shown that, having thus obtained his money he deserted and was caught and convicted only escaping the death penalty because of his youth."

IN their expression of a choice for a candidate for Congress, the Republicans of Lycoming county were practically unanimous at the polls Saturday evening. So far as heard from Foreman has only carried one district, whilst all the others are credited to McCormick by a large majority. It is rare that any one candidate receives such an emphatic and overwhelming endorsement from his party. Such a strong expression of opinion will no doubt have great weight in the district conference when it assembles, and go far towards settling the contest in favor of the county which is generally conceded to be entitled to the representative. *Gazette and Bulletin*.

WHEN ex President Arthur was collector of customs at New York about $12,000 were stolen from the custom house, and when the deficiency became known at the treasury department the balance due the collector on his salary, $927, was withheld. Congress at its last session relieved Mr Arthur from all responsibility from the losses and directed a settlement of his accounts. His accounts have just been closed at the treasury department and a warrant issued in his favor for the amount withheld from his salary.

JOHN SHERMAN is undoubtedly better entitled to be classed as a statesman than any man in the Republican party. His public career can hardly be said to be without a blemish, but there is much of honorable and useful achievement in it. No man has filled so many important offices, and filled them ably, and it would be hard to point to a Republican likely to be elected who would make as good a President as he.—Boston *Herald* (Mugwump.)

THE Mugwump Boston *Herald* gives the late Congress a send off which will not be copied to any great extent by the Democratic press. It says "People who desire positive good achievements from Congress will look in vain for any satisfactory reason for making the next House of Representatives Democratic. Two failures are enough."

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

(From our own correspondent.)

HARRISBURG, Aug. 18.—The Dauphin County Democratic Convention is a thing of the past and as was predicted in my letter of last week the Dull scalp dangles from the belt of Mr Myers. It was a Waterloo for the Dullites, who were routed "foot, horse and dragoons."

The preliminaries to the County Convention at Steelton were characterized by intensely bitter feelings between the warring factions, indeed this feeling was so hostile that neither faction would ride to Steelton over the same route with the other. The Dull faction taking the Philadelphia and Reading road, without any special parade or display and the Myers men the Pennsylvania road with banners flying and bands playing.

From the very start out it was plain to a looker on that Mr Myers would capture everything because he had his campaign well defined and each step to be taken was well understood, yet this did not at all deter the Dull men from an earnest effort to defeat the Democratic champion who marshalled the opposing forces.

From the temporary organization of the convention to the adjournment the Myers faction were on top but the proceedings were marked by such rowdyism as is seldom seen at a political assembly and the citizens of Steelton say, it is hoped that this would be the last political convention that Steelton would be honored with. An earnest effort was made by the Dull followers to have Col McCormick endorsed and the State delegates instructed to stick to McCormick, first, last and all the time" but it ended with the effort. Col McCormick has no followers among the Myers faction and after a first complimentary vote to Dauphin county's favorite candidate, the delegates to the State Convention will support Wallace until the Clearfield statesman wins the battle or meets his Appomattox.

The Dull men are not satisfied yet nor have subsequent events tended towards harmony. The Harrisburg organ of the Wallace faction makes a stab at Randall, thence at Dull by italicising a leading editorial printed August 10th in which the following occurs: "If the Democracy is to win in this State at the next election the candidates on the State ticket must be satisfactory *to the element that has been disappointed by the dispensation of the federal patronage*. Any other candidates will be overwhelmingly defeated. This voices the sentiment of our Wallace following in Harrisburg who keenly feel that Mr Dull has the administration ear and gets all the federal patronage. It is clear that the desire for spoils enters largely into our factional fight here.

In a word Mr Myers is master of the Democratic position in Dauphin county and his endorsement by the late County Convention it is expected will not be barren of results, so far as future federal favors go.

Just a few words about the Prohibition Convention that was held in our city on Tuesday of last week. A host of good temperance people were present but Charley Wolfe with his "23 a lecture and all expenses paid" boom was not there. It would be tiresome to go into detail of business transacted at the meeting but it may be interesting to know that Hon A A Barker was present with his Gubernatorial boom and orated at great length. He of course, scolded the two great parties, paying special attention to the Republican for its so-called false promises etc., and said that notwithstanding the appeals of Pennsylvania's first citizen, this party had stubbornly refused to permit the people, through the ballot box to pass upon the question of a constitutional amendment to restrict or prohibit the manufacture of liquor. It was suggested at this point that Mr Barker be shown a copy of the proceedings of the late Republican Convention on this subject, but Barker only harped louder upon the necessity of a third party, which would or ought to be made up of the immaculately pure and holy of the land. A number of our local temperance lights attended the convention but were excluded from its deliberations because they were opposed to the formation of a third party. A long list of resolutions were passed, which in their make up covered all the planks of the Republican and Democratic party platforms of past years with the addition of new ideas to suit the temperance people.

The platform of the Dauphin county wing of the third party is long and wide enough, and sufficiently strong to accommodate all shades of politics and a voter that fails to comprehend it must certainly be an idiot, if not an idiot, he will become one. It will fit the cosmopolitan character of the candidates nominated but all the same the ticket will not even receive the support of the nominees.

The State Democratic situation remains yet in a chaotic condition from which mixed condition of affairs it is expected Harmony will be evolved by the State Convention of Wednesday.

For several days Wallace has been in our city and has held several quiet, very quiet, consultations with local leaders. He is here to map out his order of business and will likely stay until the convention names the nominee for Governor.

The early date of mailing my letter will prevent me from giving you any details of the Democratic Convention which will meet to morrow, and as this is only one day distant I will venture upon no guess work as to the ticket further than to say that from the few leaders and delegates already here I gather that Mr Wallace will be the winner of the Democratic nomination for Governor.

Republican politics are very much warmed up in this city and county. The City Convention which met at the Court House on Monday evening nominated William E Barnes for the city member of the Legislature. The County Convention met this morning and nominated Messrs. Valentine Lenker of Berrysburg and Dr Bayard Dickinson of Steelton as the Legislative candidates for the 2d (county) district. Geo. Kunkel of Harrisburg was nominated for District Attorney. These nominations make the triumph of the Court House ring complete, and I do not mistake facts when I write that the ticket is not satisfactory to the Republicans who have at all times and under all circumstances voted the straight ticket. The end of this fight is not yet. ALCROFT.

One of the Celebrated Cases.

The series of crimes charged to Mrs Sarah J Robinson, of Somerville, Mass., is the most remarkable in modern time, and if the woman is guilty she will go into history as a puzzle of the psychologists.

She is charged with having sent nine persons to their graves with poison, among them her husband, her two daughters and a nephew, and with having tried to send an indefinite number by poisoning the ice cream at a strawberry festival last June by which 109 persons were sickened.

The first of her victims, as alleged, fell four years ago, and she is accused of steadily going on with her murderous work ever since. No motive for it is known or suspected except in the later cases, when it is thought she resorted to poison as a means of hurrying up the payment of insurance policies which she held on the lives of the deceased. She remains perfectly calm and collected under this astonishing accusation, and asserts her innocence without vehemence.

There is no suggestion that she is insane, and the inference is that her case is one of depravity. It tries the imagination to conceive of a moral state in which a mother will deliberately poison her own children, and especially for money.—Pittsburgh *Times*.

What We Gained From Mexico.

The principal of the public debt of the United States was increased to the extent of $31,494,660 between July 1, 1846, and July 1, 1848. This was almost entirely due to the war between Mexico and this country, which had taken place within this period. The aggregate cost of that war, however, was about $100,000,000. This includes the amount paid by the United States to Mexico for the lands ceded to this country by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, at the close of the war ($15,000,000), and the debts due by Mexico to United States citizens ($3,500,000) which the United States agreed to assume, as well as the cost of fitting out troops and maintaining them in the field, and other expenses arising out of that contest. The following is the territory, with its area in square miles, acquired by the United States under that treaty

California	157,801
Nevada	112,090
Arizona (except Gadsden purchase of 1853)	82,381
New Mexico (west of Rio Grande and north of Gadsden purchase)	42,060
Utah	84,476
Colorado (west of Rocky mountains)	20,500
Wyoming (southwest portion)	14,320
	513,608

This is equivalent to 334,443,520 acres, and is two thirds as large as the present area of the original thirteen states of the Union. It is much larger than the whole of the United States, including unexplored and unsurveyed territory, as it existed on April 30 1803 (1,404,956 square miles), on the day the Louisiana purchase was made from France. It is much more than one sixth as large as the entire land surface of the United States as it exists to day (3,003,616 square miles), exclusive of Alaska. The territory acquired from Mexico under that treaty, indeed, comprises an area greater than that of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska taken together.

The following was the population and valuation of property, real and personal, as reported by the census of 1880, in the territory acquired by the Guadalupe Hidalgo treaty:

	Population	Property
California	864,694	$1,000,000,000
Nevada	62,266	51,000,000
Arizona	40,440	40,000,000
New Mexico	119,565	60,000,000
Utah	143,963	150,000,000
Colorado	194,327	150,000,000
Wyoming	20,780	34,000,000
	1,446,044	$1,485,000,000

That was the population and property valuation in the middle of 1880 six years ago. To day, in the States and territories named the population, based on the increase in the previous decade, may safely be set down as 1,500,000, and the value of property at $2,000,000,000. The aggregate area of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming, however was larger by 265,714 square miles in 1880, on account of additions made when they were organized into territories, than the area as given here in the deed of cession from Mexico. The area of California, Nevada and Utah has remained comparatively unchanged. Making allowance for the enlarged area the population now in the district acquired from Mexico under the treaty numbers about 1,000,000, while the property comprised in it has a valuation of about $1,300,000,000.

From a purely monetary point of view, therefore the territory gained in the war of 1846 8 has paid the country thirteen times over the entire cost of the contest by which it was acquired. The gold product of California from 1848, when gold was first discovered there, up to the end of 1885, aggregated about $1,200,000,000, and the gold and silver product of Nevada since 1862 at the date of the great silver discoveries in that State, have reached $550,000,000. These two products alone, in the States named, have paid the war expenditure seventeen times and the supplies of these metals, according to the opinion of experts are not yet half exhausted. If the value of the other mineral products and of the agricultural commodities yearly marketed from these States as well as from the remaining portion of the district which was annexed to the United States at the same time, was taken in to account the balance on the credit side of the national ledger which that district has brought us would be vastly enlarged.

The war also led to the recognition and acquiescence by Mexico of the annexation of Texas to the United States. It likewise added 700 miles to our coast line on the Pacific on the western boundary of California, which is of immense benefit to us from a military standpoint.—*Gazette and Bulletin*.

Dr Hamilton Dead

NEW YORK, Aug 11.—Dr Frank H Hamilton, who was associated with Dr D. Hayes Agnew, of Philadelphia, in the treatment of President Garfield, died this morning. The immediate cause of his death was the failure of his system to receive nutriment, but for more than three years he had been in a steady decline. His lungs had long been affected and since December, 1883, repeated pulmonary hemorrages had made such draughts upon his system that he had known for a year past that recovery was out of the question. With his attending physicians, Drs. Austin Flint, J. R. Deaming and L. E. Damainville, he frequently discussed his own case and made notes upon the progress of his malady.

He was a native of Wilmington, Vt., and would have been seventy three years old in September next. In 1833 he graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and after practicing at Auburn, N. Y., and Buffalo, settled in New York city in 1862. For two years he served as Medical Inspector of the army during the war, and during that time laid the foundations of his fame as a surgeon, which was not excelled by that of any contemporary practitioner. His inventions of surgical appliances and contributions to the science have been more numerous than those of any other surgeon of his time. Among them may be mentioned the bonedrill, the compound Nelaton's probe, bullet forceps, a movable apparatus for fractures of the thighs, the modified Liston's artery forceps, serrated giant bone cutter, harelip scissors, an improvement on Owen's tonsilotome, and a method of manipulating the bodies of drowning persons. One of his most valuable contributions was his system of keys and guides to the articulations. He vastly improved the gutta percha splints and in surgical operations of the first magnitude he made numerous daring and successful innovations. He wrote a treatise on military surgery and a general surgical treatise, besides publishing scores of articles in professional journals. He was for many years professor of surgery in the Bellevue Hospital and at the time of his death visiting surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, consulting surgeon to St. Elizabeth Hospital, to the hospital for the ruptured and crippled and to various city dispensaries.

THE appropriations made by this Congress, apart from the fortification bill, which appropriates over $6,000,000, amount in the aggregate to $365,000,000, being $45,000,000 in excess of the last Congress. To this is to be added the fact that a direct tax has been levied on food that will take from consumers from two to three million dollars, as it is now estimated. The country has here the astounding record which the party that came into power on the cry of retrenchment and no taxation has made for itself. The facts speak for themselves.

THIS appears to be the Philadelphia *Times*' Democratic year.

SUNSHINE for the Million.

Tilden's Latest Love Affair.

Away down near the end of the legacies in Mr. Tilden's will is one of the interest on $100,000 to Miss Celeste Stauffer, of New Orleans. There are a good many society people in New York who know Miss Stauffer, but few know or can understand why Mr. Tilden should remember her in his will. An intimate friend of the Stauffer family, who is now in New York, expresses himself as confident that Mr. Tilden at one time seriously contemplated matrimony, and was a suitor for Miss Stauffer's hand. It was soon after the explosion of the story that the Sage of Greystone was engaged to be married to Miss Nellie Hazeltine, of St. Louis, that he met the charming young lady from New Orleans. Miss Hazeltine was a blonde, with rich red-golden hair. Miss Stauffer is between a brunette and a blonde, of that type styled in New Orleans chatadgne. Miss Hazeltine, who reigned as the belle of St. Louis until she married young Mr. Parramore, is now dead. Miss Stauffer is with her family in Europe.

In 1880 or 1881 Mr Tilden met Miss Mary Celeste Stauffer, and immediately fell in love with her. Mr Isaac Stauffer, her father, is the senior partner of the firm of Stauffer, Macready & Co. the largest hardware establishment in New Orleans and perhaps in the south. He comes of an old Pennsylvania Dutch family, and still owns a farm near York, Pa. Miss Celeste is the youngest of four children, two of whom are sons. Every summer the family leave New Orleans for a trip east or to Europe, and they are usually the first of that legion of southern society which annually seeks comfort and social intercourse away from the baking brick pavements of the Crescent City. For three years they visited at Greystone, on Mr Tilden's invitation. In the summer of 1882 the Stauffers remained at Long Branch for a time, occupying one of the cottages attached to the West End Hotel.

Here Miss Stauffer received twice every week from Mr Tilden a long letter. Considering that they were not under promise of marriage this correspondence, whatever its theme might have been was sufficiently remarkable without Mr Tilden's making it almost historical by the eccentricity of its delivery. He would not trust the postal service. Nor would he condescend to hire an ordinary messenger. On the stipulated days a gentleman of social standing such as permitted the confidence of the aged statesman received from his own hands the missive, with the injunction to surrender it only to the fair consignee personally. At the cottage of the Stauffers the aristocratic Mercury was received with that formality his courtly bearing seemed to demand, and ushered into the reception room. If Miss Stauffer was not at home he would call again when she was. Not infrequently, on returning to Gramercy Park or Greystone, he carried to the Democratic sage a mysterious reply to his letter of friendship.

Miss Stauffer's character is that of an ambitious, highly intellectual woman, who saw in the marriage with Mr Tilden all the possibilities of being the first lady in the land. Her frequent enjoyment of the hospitality of Greystone was not so much a triumph for her alone, as Mr. Tilden loved to have the sombre chateau beautified with the presence of young womanhood. Her manners, conversation and insouciant grace and airs, acquired from the native creoles of New Orleans, fascinated the old man. She seemed to be very fond of Mr Tilden, and anticipated his every wish, even in the most trivial attentions at the table or in the presence of a social gathering. Her glorious physique displayed on horseback was the object of Mr Tilden's undisguised admiration. She is an intrepid and accomplished equestrienne. Miss Stauffer's greatest art for the enchantment of men, both young and old, lay in her conversational powers. She could talk with wonderful understanding upon any subject, from the smallest of small talk to the most recent theories in philosophy and science.

It is gossip in New Orleans that Miss Stauffer discarded the best match in all the south to hazard a marriage with Mr Tilden. Young Kruttschnitch the nephew of Judah P Benjamin, is to day the pride of the Louisiana bar and a bachelor. His devotion to the heiress of Isaac Stauffer's millions was not inspired by mercenary motives, for his wealth, both from inheritance and a lucrative practice, is ample. Miss Stauffer is well received by the best society in New York city, and is queen of the southern people who reside there. Her conquest over the heart of Dr William M Polk, the well-known physician and the son of the man who is both a general and a bishop, is no secret from the friends of that gentleman, one of whom has betrayed it. She is now about twenty eight years of age. It is said that the prospective marriage did not take place because Mr Tilden felt his strength failing and thought she deserved a younger husband whose span of life was not so nearly run. He loved her though, and left a gage d'amour when he died.

Wanted—A Democratic Party

So long as the Democratic party is a little of everything and not much of anything, organs of independent opinions cannot be expected to sustain it. In fact, it would be difficult at this time to find out what the Democratic party really means. In Pennsylvania Mr. Samuel J Randall is a representative of Democracy, and a high tariff for protection is the marrow of his belief. In Illinois Mr. Wm. R Morrison is a representative of free trade, or a tariff for revenue only. In Ohio Mr. Frank Hurd, of Toledo, is known as a representative Democrat, and he is an out-and-out-free trader, while in an adjoining district Mr. George Seney, a so-called Democrat, has been renominated for Congress, and he is with Randall for the maintenance of the high protective tariff. In Texas the quality of Democrats is only equalled by their quantity. The entire Texas delegation in the House of Representatives voted to consider the Morrison tariff bill, and the entire delegation, save one, of the neighboring State of Louisiana voted against considering the tariff bill. And both these delegations are mechanically classified as Democratic. In every State there are Democrats who are civil service reformers and Democrats who are spoilsmen. Democrats voted for special pension bills, and Democrats denounced special pension bills. Democrats voted for the bill taxing oleomargarine and Democrats voted against it. In fact, there is not a solitary subject of practical consequence on which the Democrats of the country are united. The Democratic party, as at present mechanically organized, seems to be little more than a heterogeneous mob, held together under the charm of a name, and apart from appetite for office and power, with no organized purpose to give it cohesion and active force. There is room for a real Democratic party, and unless the present Democratic leaders embrace the opportunity, they will find themselves far in the rear of destiny in the not very distant future.—Galveston (Tex.) *News*, Dem.

Blaine and the Maine Prohibitionists.

It does not seem to us to be necessary to assume that because Brother Blaine takes an active part in the State canvass this year he is firing his first gun, as the phrase goes, in the larger campaign on the national field. The Republican candidate for Governor is Mr. Blaine's personal friend. The Chairman of the Republican State Committee is Mr. Blaine's faithful lieutenant and irrepressible henchman. Mr. Blaine is the foremost Republican of Maine and his silence during the canvass would be surprising indeed.

Very likely Mr. Blaine's speech at Portland will be devoted in a measure to an attempt to heal the widening breach between the voters who care more for the Republican party than they do for prohibition, and the voters who care more for prohibition than they do for the Republican party. It is not a little odd that in a State where prohibition has been the law for between thirty and forty years there should still be a considerable body of citizens who believe in the need of further agitation, and that their movements and protests and demands should be important enough to cause concern to the great party which has given them all that they have hitherto obtained.

What are the Maine Prohibitionists agitating for? Not for the principle of prohibition in their own State, for it has been recognized and accepted there for years, and has had as fair a trial as it can possibly have under existing conditions of human nature. Not for an extension of the Maine system to other States, for the Maine Prohibitionists profess to be satisfied with the operation of the law at home, as executed under their own eyes and noses. Why, then, are the Maine Prohibitionists getting ready for a powerful effort to defeat Mr Blaine's friend Bodwell for Governor and why have they sent for Brother St John to come and help them do it?

Is it because a few of their leaders happen, for personal reasons, to hate Brother Blaine worse than they hate rum?—New York *Sun*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Court Proclamation.

The Hon. A. G. OLMSTED President Judge, and the Hons. H. HARRIS and P. M. FUGLER, Associate Judges of the court of Oyer and Terminer and general jail delivery, quarter sessions of the peace, orphans' and court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, have issued their precepts, bearing date Friday, May 28th, 1886, and to me directed, for holding a court of common pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on the third Tuesday, the 7th day of Sept 1886, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, Aug 18 1886, and in the 110th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. P. BANNON, sheriff.

PROGRAMME
McKean Fair,
1886,
To be Held on the Society's Grounds, Port Allegany, Pa.

First Day---Tuesday, September 7.

The grounds will be open to the public free of charge and for the reception and classification of animals.

Second Day---Wednesday, Sep. 8.

Exhibition of Cattle in ring at 10 o'clock a. m.
Potting match at 1.30 p. m.
Farmer's Race at 2:00 p. m.
Wheelbarrow Race, ¼ mile, purse $10.
Exhibition match of carriage horses.
Fat man's race—80 yard—contestants must weigh 200 pounds or over.
Exhibition single carriage horses.
Four minute race. A purse of $10 will be given to the person driving a mile in the nearest to four minutes.
Foot Race. Half mile. Purse $1.

Third Day---Thursday, September 9.

Exhibition of horses in ring at 10 o'clock a. m.
Trotting at 1:30 p. m.
No 1. Three-minute class. Purse $100
No 2. 2:30 class. Purse $150

Fourth Day---Friday, September 10.

Trotting and Running Races, commencing at 1:30 p. m.
No 3. 2:40 class. Purse $100
No 4. Free-for-all. Purse $300
No 5. Running Race. Purse $100

E. B. Dolley, Pres. A. J. Hughes, Secy.

Rudge Light Roadster.

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THE RUDGE SAFETY BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES,
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Fashionable Boot & Shoe Maker,
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Shop on Main street, next door to Wells' drug store.

Smethport, Pa., Aug. 6, 1886.-tf.

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DRILL IT IN WITH YOUR WHEAT

this Fall and get two bushels for one you get where it is not used.

Call on or address,

W. S. ROBISON,
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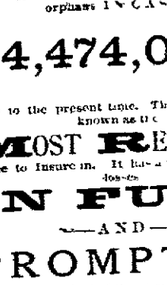

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Farmers' Valley,

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Smethport Pa August 20 1886

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Is unrivaled to enrich the blood, and thus invigorate feeble vigor from enfeebled system, stimulate it digging position with the maximum invigorator, being energy into the operation of the stomach, promotes, appetite, overcomes dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, and consequent nutrition. A keen appetite, vigor and cheerfulness of spirits are reliably found to follow a course of this unobjectionable preparation, which is moreover, a certain preventive of malarial fevers. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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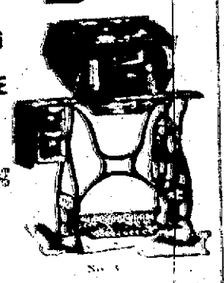

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LADIES who suffer from debilitating diseases and Female Complaints, will find speedy relief by using this remedy. It makes a lovely complexion.

C. W. EDGCOMB of Minneapolis, O., was cured of Scrofula of thirty years. Two bottles cured Mrs. S. Dukes, of Conklin, Ind., of a frightful ankle and G. J. Dukes, of Conklin, Ind., of a frightful ankle and big neck. Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher cured my son of Erysipelas. Mrs. E. SMITZER, Lardner Station, Pa.

The Blood Searcher is the Safest, Surest and Most Powerful Purifier ever known. Sold by all druggists.

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USE ONLY SELLERS' LIVER PILLS, the best and only reliable LIVER REGULATOR. They cure Biliousness, Sick-Headache, Constipation, Lost Appetite, Fever and Ague, and all similar diseases. Take no other. Get the genuine SELLERS' LIVER PILLS, 25 cts. From all druggists.

YOUNG MEN.

Boys and Middle-aged Men & Young Ladies cannot do a more profitable thing than to write Coleman Dickson, Newcastle, Pa. for full particulars (free). Mention this paper. Mary Coleman, Print. Miss White, Asst. Application.

$200 000 in presents given away. Send us 3 cents postage and by mail you will get free, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. It will cost you nothing to send us your address and find out. Don't say you can't because you don't know. Write to us at once. It will pay you. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FARM AND GARDEN

Feeding Calves.

Our artist has redrawn from The Rural New Yorker two pictures showing the right way and the wrong way of feeding calves. Not long since an urchin was giving milk to a pet Jersey calf in the old fashioned way. He had a mixed of the experimental corn, and after feeding the animal he hung the bag of the empty milk pail over its baby horns, "just for fun." Curious curious—the poor silly beast was frightened almost to death. It ran and ran, bellowing with terror till it was exhausted. Nobody with good sense enough to tie to take the pail could get more enough to it to take the pail off. The sight of a human being scared it still more wildly, for was the not one of the race that had hung the pail over its horns, and would be not torment it still more? It raved madly through orchard and over hill and valley till it could run no longer. Then from sheer fatigue it stopped, and the kindly horse maidens, who had all the while been striving to reach it, removed the frightful machine from its head. It is the unknown that is terrible, whether it be spooks to human beings or milk pails to calves. It was several days before the poor little Jersey was itself again.

THE RIGHT WAY.

If that farm had had the appliances here shown for feeding calves, the mischievous lad could not have experimented the way he did. The stalls in the picture can be made by any farmer or farmer's boy with chisels on him. There is a right way to do everything, and to find it is the task set us all. By the new way calf feeding is robbed of its terrors.

THE WRONG WAY

Fig. 2 shows the bad, old fashion of feeding calves. The hungry animals butt the boy or girl over sometimes in their eager haste to get the milk. Again they upset the pail and spill it all, and have to go supperless. It is no joke at all, raising calves in the old, slow by way.

The frame or feeding stalls shown in Fig. 1 must be strongly braced and nailed. A hungry calf is no weakling when it comes to knocking things about in search of its dinner.

Co-operation Among Farmers.

Matters have come to such a pass among farmers that they certainly must begin to use their brains to protect themselves against the rapacious middlemen. In the large cities the cost strawberries have and been below ten cents a quart, every year since at that, they were usually withered, half rotten specimens scarcely to the top, glazed over with a few fine ones on the surface. The farmers salesmen say they can't help it, because that is the way farmers send the fruit to market. It is a lie. Farmers do not do any of the kind; neither they have been obliged to sell berries this year to the commission men for two and a half and three cents a quart. So disorganized have many of the large growers become that they have plowed up their beds and declare they can raise strawberries no more.

It is not the consumer or farmer who gets the benefit of prices, either low or high, it is always the middlemen.

It is the same with butter. Twenty-three cents a pound is the lowest rate that consumers have got good butter for this summer, in cities. It has oftener been higher than down to that price. Yet ten cents a pound is all that the farm people have got in many cases for gilt edged butter. It is a shame and an outrage. The farmer is the pillar that holds the world up. Now let him arrogate the airs so off his back and set his brains to work to obtain his rights.

Every year there are meetings of all kinds of manufacturers to set the prices at which their goods shall be sold. They hang together like thieves to keep prices up to just where they have their share. Everybody but the farmer. He lands his grain, tobacco, pelts to town or fruit upon his wagon and goes to the commission merchant, who is the middleman, and humbly and aped agreeably asks him what he will give for the produce. So with cattle and sheep drivers, middlemen and commission men become multi-millionaires and farmers grind and toil on till they die.

Let there be an end of this. Farmers, band together and hold like iron. Form organizations, get every farmer in the Union into them. Then fix your own prices and hang by them to the death. Further, have your own hired agents sent from yours-lves, with instructions the same as your own, to distribute your goods in the consuming centers. Pay them a regular salary, watch them and hold them to a strict account for all their doings.

As far as possible get private customers for your butter, fruits, etc. Put the middleman's profit in your own pocket.

Do you know the enormous profit an organized gang for travelling through the country and collecting you tional and unknowing ones to buy farm machinery? In the case of every steam threshing machine sold it is something like $25. Other things are in proportion. Wake up, wake up! The world of profits sweeps in largely to clever you.

A number of your hand together, buy a steam thresher for a neighborhood and demand the agent's commission off. You will get it if you stand firm.

Employ compensation in all your large enterprises. Co-operation is the true solution of your troubles. Work at the problem faithfully and unselfishly till you solve it. It has been tried successfully. For ten years, in a certain locality, a few farmers have been organized into what they call the Union Threshing and Sawing company. There are eleven members. They have a board of three managers, annually elected by the members. The company owns complete machines for hulling clover seed and threshing and sawing. It is a regular stock company, with shares, and paying dividends. Only members use the machines. When several want them at the same time the foreman draws lots to decide which shall have them first. A small price is fixed on by the managers to be charged for the use of the machines, as so much per bushel for threshing, and this is rigidly adhered to. A sum is set aside for keeping the machinery in order. Compared with what the company would have paid by the old methods, the profits of this co-operative company have been very large. At no time, either, have there been any of the bickerings and attempts of each man to beat that are said to destroy co-operative enterprises in general. Those who want the machines most have, of course, the most to pay into the common treasury. At the end of the season the sum is divided equally.

Color in Horses.

Black horses are of a hot and fiery temper and disposition, the chestnut and brown bay are reckoned to have strength and spirit, and the white are always tender. As to gray, it has been observed that those which have the most to black are stronger than the brighter grays. There are besides these other colors in horses, as the roan, which seems to be the offspring of the bay and white, or the bay and gray. Those red and white seems to be the author of the dun and cream color, and as for those horses which are called sorrow horry, they may probably proceed from a congaing between a bright gray and a bay. There are also some horses mottled or red commonly called piebald, either black and white in spots, or chestnut and white.

As to the choice of color in a stallion, a person of great skill says the dapple bay, the white bay and the dapple gray are to be preferred, but does not object to a horse of a pure black, provided it has a white star and a white foot. In the judgment of others, however, he should be all of one color.

Winter Shallotsa.

These can be sown at any time up to the 15th of August, if the season is favorable. The soil should be thoroughly prepared and made fine, and the seed sown and slightly covered with the rake, taking pains to press the soil firmly down upon the seed. I prefer, when it can be done, to sow soon after a rain in preference to sowing just before. Take pains not to sow too thick. If sown in May or June and not to sow too thick. If sown in May or June and not to sow too thick. If sown in May or June and